Memoir of James Holley Bartlett

Voyage of Wm. Baylies, 1886

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WHALING STORY

descendent of Richard Bartlett of Boston 1730

Memoir

James Holly Bartlett
49 Bicknell Street
Quincy, Massachusetts

strike incident p.6

In the summer of 1886 I found myself stranded in Boston, down to my last cent. There was another young man older than myself whose name was Pat Sexton. We were both out of work and couldn't get a job for love nor money. Sexton suggested that we look in the "Help Wanted" columns of the "Boston Globe" and as we had no money to buy a paper we went down to the Globe office and there scanned the "Want Ads" in a paper kept there for the use of the public. Then one of the ads that attracted our attention read as follows. "Wanted--Thirty-five men to go whaling out of New Bedford on a new vessel just fitting out for the Arctic Ocean and around Cape Horn. Apply to Si Fluker, 120 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass."

Sexton would have none of it but I went down to the office, saw Mr. Fluker and applied for the job of Engineer in charge of auxiliary machinery.

He told me that he could not give me that job right away as it was promised to a Scotch Engineer who has been already sent down there but he added that he thought this man would possibly get a job down there and would refuse to go, leaving the place open for me. He said he would send me down there on that supposition and if the engineer in question did not go, the job would be open for me. If otherwise, I was to go as foremast hand. He put me on board the train and after an uneventful trip I got to New Bedford. I was taken in hand by a boarding house keeper by the name of Duthridge to wait until the vessel was ready to sail. I remained in New Bedford having what young men would consider a fairly good time and at last word came that the man had got a job ashore and I was to be examined for the position of engineer. I passed the examination with flying colors, then the outfitter gave me a seachest and outfit of clothing together with pot, pannikin and spoon and belt, sheath and knife. The outfit otherwise consisted of warm New England made clothing of both wool and cotton varieties. There were warm shirts and pants, underclothing, dungarees, shoes, sea boots, oil skins and sou'wester, pipe and tobacco and jack knife. There were also needles and thread, darning yarn, wax, palm and sail needle and various other articles in a sailor's itinerary. These were all checked off and the chest locked.

The time which elapsed from arrival in New Bedford to embarking was spent mainly in taking in the sights and learning how to play pool which was a craze at that time. The seamen's bethel on Bethel hill furnished me with quite a lot of reading matter in the way of newspapers, magazines and books. One of the magazines was "Godey's Ladies' Book" of which I had three copies containing parts of the story by Scheherazade in the Arabian Knights Entertainments. There was a song I liked in one of those books, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still." All in all it was wonderful reading matter.

I had also two small volumes written in old English script which would probably bring a good price in a collector's museum. We got plenty to eat and were well cared for ashore. While in New Bedford, I went across to Fair Haven where the beach was swarming with fiddler crabs at the very spot which is now a famous summer resort.

At last the twentieth of September rolled round and we, with our dunnage, were embarked on the sailing sloop bound for the ship

"William Baylies" which was at anchor in the roadstead. As soon as we got aboard and the last of the provisions were stowed we weighed anchor and proceeded to sea.

I had been on one of the coast steamers in the Bay of Fundy and thought I was a good sailor, but I got seasick first thing. The sensation which a greenhorn gets when the ship begins to roll and pitch, especially if he is up in the bows of her, is indescribable. All the food that I had eaten for the last couple of days went to feed the fishes of the Atlantic Ocean. (Boy! was I sick?) I never knew how they got the sails on her. I believe the name of the lightship just outside the harbor is "The Hen and Chickens" but that is only hearsay because I didn't see it. I saw the anchor catheaded and secured before the qualms of seasickness drove me below. The greater part of the crew were Portugee Negroes from the island of Brava which is on the west coast of Africa on the humpback whaling ground. (Whale with hump.) They talked in their own tongue continually though all but one man could talk English. Our cook was one of this class, Benjamin Santos, by name. He was forever extolling the beauties of the island of Brava which he called "Elhada Brava!"

After getting well to sea we shaped our course for the Western Islands or Azores which were a famous sperm whaling ground. One of the breaks in the monotony would be the call of "Right Under" which meant that there were porpoises under the bow playing ahead of the ship. As they are good to eat an endeavor would be made to harpoon them and bring them aboard. Though we struck several we were never able to land them because the iron invariably drew before we got the dead porpoise. We failed to get one the whole voyage, mainly because the vessel was too speedy.

We never saw the Azores because we didn't go close enough and whaling around there being ineffectual we went on to a Brazilian convict island in the South Atlantic which, I think, is called Fernando de Po. Our captain, William Montross, was a first class navigator and told the lookout exactly the time in the morning when we should sight the island which we did, on time. The water grew quite calm in the vicinity of the island and a lot of convicts were out fishing in boats for the prison larder. We sailed right past some of them and could see a look of longing in their eyes as they realized freedom was so near and yet so far. This island is shaped like a sugar loaf and in undoubtedly of volcanic origin.

We sailed from this point to the Falkland islands and caught some small whales and black fish while running down toward Cape Horn.

It is now in order to describe the capture and disposition of a whale or grampus, There is also a smaller fish called the blackfish a small whale, the oil of which is not valuable. When the call from the masthead "Blows, blows, blows, blows" the captain will say, "What does she look like, Monsieur Veada? How does she bear (the spouts)?

"Three points off the port bow,sir"

"Keep her off three points."

The captain watched the compass. "Steady, meet her."

The man at the wheel responding correctly brings the vessel heading straight for the whale. The next order is given.

"Stand by, to lower the boats."

The whale by this time has sounded and when the captain thinks he has run down far enough the order is given to back the foreyard; the vessel is hove to and the boats are lowered. Just enough men are left aboard to work her. There would only be eight left until the captain's boat was lowered and the cook and steward would be pressed

into service to help the masthead to observe the whale when the whale comes up to blow and by a course of signals the boats are directed from the ship as to the position of the quarry. Sperm whales nearly always travel in schools and only once in my experience have I seen a lone bull whale captured. When the boats are lowered and get clear of the ship, the sails are hoisted and it is a sight to see these beautiful swan-like boats sailing over the ocean like the wind. When the wind is not sufficient to drive the boat along, recourse to oars or paddles is had to sweep the boat onto the kill. The fittings of a boat have been described very many times in different books on the subject but it is fitting to name the different weapons which were used half a century ago. The bomb lance had just come into being and was an ingenious contrivance consisting of a gun fitted on the end of a spruce pole. It had a pair of lugs in which to insert a harpoon which was detachable from the gun which would trail alongside to be hauled in by what was known as the gun warp. This gun fired a bomb by means of a trigger contrivance which came in contact with the whale's black skin when the iron was buried into the body of the whale for something like sixteen to twenty inches. This bomb was pointed and the firing charge propelled it inside the body of the whale where it was exploded with disastrous effect to the whale's innards. Two of these were supplied to each boat as were also hand irons and lances. The tow line was spliced to an eye in the shank of the gun iron and over a conical shank in the hand iron. The lances were firmly secured to poles and were about four feet in length.

These weapons were stoned to razor edge and were used in the south seas to repel the attacks of savages, Malay pirates and Chinese junks. It was a hardy crew of pirates who would attack a whale ship because they knew the reception they would get.

The officers of the ship, mainly the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth mate were each in charge of a boat, and there were five men in the crew of each boat. When near enough to the whale, the harpooneer or boat steerer in American whale ships places his harpoons and lances in position and takes his stance in the bow to heave his iron and make fast to the whale. If the heave is well-placed, the whale may be killed without further ado, but sometimes, in fact nearly always, it is necessary to continue the fight. At last, the whale spouts blood and if any of that blood lands on the skin of the officer and crew of the boat, it is a part of wisdom to wash it off right away because it will burn like lye, especially on a hot day. When the whale shows signs of weakening, the boat is hauled right up on him. The officer changes places with the harpooneer for the purpose of lancing the whale. The lance is pumped into the whale, the process being known as searching for his life, of which the spouting of blood is a sure indication of the end being attained. Just before death overtakes the whale, he goes into what is known as a flurry. The boats being warned in time back away to avoid being smashed with the whale's flukes (tail). I was in a boat once that was smashed.

After this process is completed the ship is worked alongside of the whale and lines thrown to make him fast to the ship. Then what is known as the fluke chain is run out of the house pipe and fastened around the small of the whale ahead of the flukes in such a manner that the carcass is left free to turn round and round for the cutting in. The whale is now lying with its flukes right under the starboard bow and its head alongside of starboard quarter, the body directly under the cutting stage which is rigged over the starboard side in the waist of the ship. The first thing to be done is to cut two holes in the case of the whale through which a chain is passed and lashed to

a cutting-in fall preparatory to lifting the case on board. A tool is now brought into play which has not been before mentioned, called a cutting-in spade. It is shaped about the same as a garden spade, the edge of which is sharpened to razor edge. This spade is used for cutting through blubber, sinew and soft bone and by its means the brain box of the whale (case) is severed from the body when the order is given "Heave Away" and the strain is put on the falls which is increased as the ship keels over to the wake and the head is thus hoisted aboard and the jaws are detached from the head. The jaw having no value except for the teeth which are pure ivory and the jaw itself, a solid white bone of which the members of the crew may carve handsome canes or other articles which they etch with various figures or sketches of vessels, whales or other things pertaining to the business. The head is then landed right side up on the deck and secured against the roll of the ship at the starboard side of the main mast. A hole is then cut in the top of the head large enough to admit a man's body. The brain is then ladled out and put into try pots. After sufficient amount has been taken out a man enters the head and bails out all he can scrape from the sides of the case. A fire is built under this in the try pots and the process of boiling the oil is started from this point. The contents of this brain pan are a mixture of pure sperm oil and spermaceti. While this is going on the cutting-in crew are busy stripping the blubber from the whale in what are called blanket pieces. The method of so doing is to scarf the blubber spirally all around the body freeing it from the sinew and whet leather which is called whitehorse, all the time heaving up on the falls. When the blanket piece gets to the mast head two new holes are cut and the second blubber chain passed through these holes. Then with a sword-like tool which is known as a boarding knife the first blanket piece is cut off about eighteen inches above these holes and swings in over the main hatch to be lowered to the blubber room.where it, together with its fellows, will be kept until the whale is cut in. The second fall is brought into play and the second blanket piece is taken from the body in the same manner as in the first and so on until all the blubber has been cut from the whale. All this time the water under the stage has been alive with sharks which occasionally take a great bite out of the blubber. To forestall these marauders the cutting spades are brought into play and sharks are cut to pieces, disemboweled and even have their noses cut off. The minute a shark is wounded in this manner it is set upon by its fellows and literally eaten alive. In fact, there is a case on record where a shark after being disemboweled swallowed its own entrails time after time until death overtook it.

All this time the air round the ship and the wake of the ship has been alive with sea birds ready to snatch any morsel which may float on the surface of the water.

When everything useful has been flensed from the whale the carcass is set adrift and floats away from the ship accompanied by the sharks and sea birds. If we have but one whale alongside the side, the opening in the bulwarks is closed. The stage is hoisted into place and the merry business of trying out the blubber proceeds apace. The blubber is cut into what is known as horse pieces and scored with a knife called a blubber knife much the same as the sides of a small fish are cut in preparation for frying. The thickness of each slice of blubber will be about two inches. This is to give the boiling oil in the try pot a chance to literally fry the oil out of the blubber. Horse pieces are six or eight inches wide, two inches thick and two feet long. Every tool aboard the ship is sharp and made of the best

steel. When the oil has been tried out from the blubber--a try pot will hold twenty-five barrels of oil--the scraps are placed in a press and the oil which is still contained is pressed out. These scraps are then used for fuel to try out the rest of the blubber and the resultant smoke is as black as the proverbial hinges of hell. This oily black soon changes the hue of the white sails to a gray, then a drab and then all the other shades to a dirty black. In fact, a sperm whaler which has been out for a four year voyage comes into port reeking with the smell of oil and looking worse than a Chinese junk. It must not be supposed that these ships are in bad shape at the end of a voyage because constant care of the rigging and sails keeps the ship fit for any weather she may encounter. After the oil is all tried out the casks are inspected for any leaks which might occur and should any appear, the cooper stands ready to mend the leak by putting flags, such as grow in the swamp, between the staves and setting up on the hoops makes the receptacle as tight as a bottle. The method of stowing the oil in the hold is to empty the water from any cask that may be for ballast or for the drinking supply for the vessel. When the cask is empty the oil is run down and when that particular cask is full a bung made tight by a piece of burlap is driven into place. When the oil is all stowed away and the casks all properly chalked by half sections of pine logs eighteen inches long are wedged into the interstices between the casks. Now the hatches are put on and the deck and paintwork are thoroughly cleaned. Some sailing masters use one means and some another to clean the deck. The common method is the use of sougi mougi--what is known as Baltimore mud capable of taking the paint right off the woodwork. Another material used is known as salt water soap which is nothing but potash with just enough fat to hold it together and it is strong stuff to say the least. Before the cleaning is started however, all the oil and gurry has been lippered up off the deck by pieces of the whale's lip which is like India rubber. When the vessel is in fairly decent shape and all the work done, one of the watches is sent below to have much needed rest while the other takes up the task of working the ship, by which I mean session at the wheel, the masthead and the crow's nest, and the hunt for whales is on again.

It is now time to get back to our voyage. The first whales we captured were small and were caught on the Western island ground. If I remember correctly it took eight of them to make forty barrels of oil. We did not stay long on the Western island ground because the quarry was scarce along the route. Our next move was W'S'W and this course was kept until we sighted a convict island off the coast of Brazil, the name of which I think was Fernando de Po. After passing this island, we are now sailing down the East coast of South America sighting land somewhere around the first of December 1886. In the vicinity of Staten Land we sighted a large bull whale. The boats were lowered and the first mate's boat got fast to the whale due to a superb cast by the boatster Fisher. It was estimated that the harpoon was thrown six fathoms but I think this is wrong because I don't believe any man could throw a harpoon that far weighted as it was with a gun. However, we got the whale in quick time and he was a very large one. The blubber on this leviathan was very thin as blubber goes. The result of the tryout being one hundred twenty-six barrels where it should have been, if the whale had been fat, in the neighborhood of two hundred fifty barrels.

This was the last whale we captured before rounding Cape Horn.

We arrived off Cape Horn about the middle of December and on account of headwinds did not get a slant round the Horn until Christmas day meanwhile fighting tempestuous weather, often rolling and

pitching through seas which would swamp a less seaworthy craft. In fact, Christmas morning it was blowing great guns from the west, but it calmed down about noon time so that we were splitting broom straws on the deck preparatory to making brooms for all the world like the witch's broom which was ridden by Old Mother Goose. It must be understood that in these lower latitudes south of the equator Christmas Day corresponds to our June weather. Therefore it was fairly nice going round Cape Horn or Cape Stiff as the sailors call it. The wind hauled in the afternoon so that we were enabled to the westward rounding the horn that afternoon. We found ourselves sailing up the western side of Tierra del Fuego in good weather and at last in the Pacific ocean. We just kept out of the sight of land and the first place we touched was the island Juan Fernandez made famous by Alexander Selkirk who spent some years there and on his return home wrote a book called "The Original Robinson Crusoe." We came to anchor off this island and immediately got our fishing lines over the side with remarkable results. Many and varied were the types of fish we dragged up from the bottom, from the ubiquitous crawfish to the curious grunt. I never knew the names of the different fish we caught but when I say that they were all colors of the rainbow and shapes and sizes I am not drawing the long bow but I am stating absolute fact. It will be noted that all the fish we catch in northern waters without exception are devoid of high color such as the cod, halibut, shad, mackerel, salmon and herring which are in the main of a whitish or silvery color. Albeit the mackerel when freshly caught has an iridescent sheen. We tried to bargain with a family there for potatoes but could not make a go of it, I suppose on account of scarcity. The island belongs to the Chilean government and multitudes of these fish are caught and shipped to the mainland where they form a substitute for our northern lobster.

I should here tell of the captain's going ashore together with the boat's crew to pay a visit to the family with the purpose of asking for those potatoes which he didn't get. The reason we wanted potatoes was that they were a sovereign preventive from scurvy which attacks all seamen and those who follow the sea when their diet is deficient of fresh vegetables and the like over a long period of time. The gums in our mouths were beginning to get sore and our teeth to loosen up in our jaws which is one of the symptoms of the dread disease which old time sailor men had to fight. When the captain returned to the ship the boat was hoisted, the anchor weighed and we were on our way once more with the Sandwich islands as our objective, with Honolulu as our port of call on the island of Oahu.

Much has been said by travelers about the beautiful harbor and soft spoken natives of this place but we came to anchor almost out of sight of land and all we saw of the natives were the men that came alongside in the lighter to freight the oil ashore which we had spent the last few months procuring. All the crew refused duty because we were not allowed to go ashore. The cargo was worked by another ship belonging to the same owners which was not at anchor but would sail off and on until the job was done. This was not entirely as peaceful as it appears by the statement I have just made because one of our men was shot in the leg while he was having an altercation with the captain. No further trouble resulted, however, because none of us apparently had a desire to risk death in the trying of the issue. The crew of this other ship I mentioned heaved up our anchor and being now afloat on the high seas we were obliged to turn to and work the ship. This incident may have been written down in the ship's log but we heard no more of it afterwards, not even at the end of the voyage.

We skirted the shores of the island containing the volcanic crater of Kilauea which is one of the most famous volcanoes in all the world. Unlike Pelee or Vesuvius it is active about all the time, the natives claiming that the god of the mountain never rests but is all the time angry.

We had an uneventful trip from Honolulu to the Oikhotsk Sea with the exception of snaring two or three whales when they showed up. Finding no whales in that particular whaling ground we shaped our course for the ice pack which was then withdrawing into the Arctic Ocean by way of the Bering Strait. Not seeing any favorable chance of working our way through the ice we called at several places on both the Alaskan and Siberian side of the Strait, the principal of which were St. Lawrence Bay, Indian Point, St. Paul's Island, St. George's Island, Nunivac Island and other points in the various indentations along the coast approaching Bering Strait. We got to the Bering Straits eventually which is a body of water thirty-eight miles wide at its narrowest point. On one side of which is East Cape and on the Alaskan shore Cape Prince of Wales. Here we lay in the ice with no chance to move the ship, she literally being hauled through the strait on the northward bound receding ice. We killed seals at this point which would come up through the holes in the ice only to be snared by the alert hunter who was one of the crew of the vessel armed with a harpoon.

Many whales were going north under the ice which would use the same holes to come up for the necessary blow as their expiration is called. Then inspiration cannot be seen but the blow carries vapor into the air which looks like a puff of steam. All whales do not spout alike. The sperm whale spouts from one hole in a forward direction, the bowhead, sulphur bottom and finback blow the column straight up into the air. The right whale blows from two vents, the blows spreading apart to right and left. All whales, grampuses,and blackfish which is the name of another kind of whale, have their own particular blow so that a man at the masthead of a vessel is usually able to determine what kind of whale he sights. The whales which were traveling under the ice were the kind known as the bowhead or Arctic whale and at the time of which this story treats were much sought after.for the slabs of whalebone found in the whale's head. Each slab of bone has a fringe of what looks like horsehair and is used by the whale to strain the animalculae which is its principal food. These particular whales could not be captured at this time because the minute a man put his foot on the ice to go toward the hole the whale would sink into the depths and be gone from sight to emerge somewhere else where he would not be bothered by strange sounds.

After passing through the straits, the ice expanded and left the ship so that she was in open water with ice floating round. This open water was called a lead through which the officer at the masthead would guide the ship. As the summer advanced we sailed around in the Arctic ocean always on the lookout for whales. Our luck was varied but we found at the end of the season that we cought about as many whales as anyone. We picked up one whale which had been killed by another ship. We disposed of the oil and bone the same as if we had killed it. The harpoon from this whale was immediately thrown overboard when it came to hand, the reason for this being that every iron is stamped with the ship to which it belongs and identifies the whale as the property of that ship. You can readily see therefore that this appropriation was nothing more or less than an act of robbery or piracy on the high seas. The vessel to which this whale belonged was in plain sight. A carcass floating as this one was is known as a stinker

because it has been killed so long that it is just that. The oil from such a whale when properly tried out is all right. The best whale oil is the sperm whale oil. The best oil taken from any of these cetaceans large or small is porpoise oil and comes from the brain cavity and jaw of the sperm whale porpoise. I say sperm whale porpoise to differentiate it from others of its kind. Each porpoise seems to be a miniature counterpart of someoone of the large whales. One is known as the right whale porpoise, another as the humpbacked porpoise.

I mentioned the much sought after bowhead whale with the slabs of whale bone in its head. This whale bone with the strainer which looked like fringe had many and various uses and was worth from four to five dollars a pound. One of its uses was the coverings for parlor furniture which was known to the uninitiated as horsehair cloth. The preparation of this hair was quite a process in that each hair had to be separated from its fellows in the bone slab and the length would vary as from the butt to the end of the hair, the hairs coming out from the end of the slab being the longer. The meat of the bowhead whale which has been freshly killed is good food and tastes the same as beef albeit a little oily. Mixed with potatoes or cracker meal it makes a very good hash ball. The meat of the porpoise of warm waters is treated the same way and is highly esteemed by mariners who have been subsisting mainly on salt beef and salt pork.

The oil from the bowhead or Arctic whale is of an inferior quality and when used on machinery for lubricating leaves a gummy sticky residue which makes it unfit for such use, in that it requires a good deal of cleaning of bearings, oil holes, and the housings of any machine or engine upon which it is used.

The Eskimos of northern Alaska from St. Lawrence island up to the mouth of the McKenzie river all built the same kind of boats and habitations. The one-man boat which the hunter uses is called a kayak and the family boat which holds a dozen or more of persons is called an oomiak. A kayak is a skin boat stretched on a frame of whale bone or whatever other material the native has at hand. The oomiak is constructed on the same principle as the kayak with the exception that the kayak is decked over and therefore watertight in any position whereas the oomiak is an open boat and is only seaworthy when on an even keel. The boats which put off to the ship from the shore were mainly of the larger type and usually contained a man and his family. They were much safer when loaded than the Indian canoe of points farther south. These natives when speaking of the sailing vessel called her the oomiackpuk (large boat). They were vociferous in their admiration for the strength of the men who put up the masts, imagining that these masts were put up by hand. The food of the Eskimo before the advent of the white man in Alaska searching for gold, consisted largely of blubber and black skin of the whale. They also caught fish from the sea by ingenious bone hooks of their own manufacture. It might be fitting to say here that the Arctic ocean literally swarms with fish of northern latitude such as cod, halibut, hake, salmon and other fish such as are caught on the banks of Newfoundland. This region is also alive with giant jelly fish. It is not an uncommon thing to see them, some of them seven feet in diameter castashore on the beach dying and drying in the sun. They are of no use. They are a pest.

The habitation of the Eskimo in the winter time is an igloo, built of blocks of ice and in the summer made of skins. The winter igloo was entered through a long passageway where the natives were obliged to crawl on hands and knees before arriving at the large circular room or inner chamber in which they dwelt and which was lighted and heated by a crude oil lamp which consisted of a large clam shall

or some other receptacle in which floated the material they used for wicks. The house they used in summer had a flap to it much the same as the wigwam of the North American Indian or the dung hut of the Kurds and other primitive tribes of the east.

After cruising in the Arctic all summer and capturing what whales came our way and ice was beginning to form on the surface of the water threatening to hem us in, we headed south again for the voyage home passing through Bering Straits and sailing down Bering Sea we ran into the worst weather of the voyage. It was November. In the region known as the "rolling 40's" the wind increased in force and we were obliged to heave to under goose-winged main topsail which was every stitch of canvas we dared to carry. Canvas bags were put over the bow filled with oil to create a slick on the surface of the water t to eliminate the breaking of the crest of the waves so that we would not be continually shipping water, thereby keeping the decks in a wet and slippery condition. This weather lasted for three days and just at breakfast time in the morning watch for some reason we shipped three seas one after the other which raised ned with our loose tackle on the decks and blew the woosewinged main topsail clear of the ropes and it floated off to leeward like a balloon.

During this catastrophe two men were washed overboard--one an Irishman whose name I have forgotten and one a Portugee boat steerer. We lost some boats. The Irishman got into one of them while the Portugee seized some of the ropes and hauled himself aboard the ship. The Irishman in the boat which was swamped went to windward as the ship made leeway. When last seen he was vigorously bailing the boat out but was never afterward seen. This storm was listed by our captain as three degrees below a hurricane but it started to abate and on the fourth day we squared away after repairing what damage was done as best we could and shaped our course for home. The run down to San Francisco was accomplished without further incident. When we got inside the Golden Gate a tug took us in tow, made us fast to the proper dock. The crew got their belongings ready for the boarding houses, went ashore and the voyage was over. We were discharged on November 22, 1887.

To whom it may concern:

During the month of September 1939 Mrs. James H. Bartlett, Jr., (Vera M Bartlett) asked Mr. Bartlett to tell about his whaling voyage made in 1886-1887 to the Arctic region ~~while~~ his granddaughter Anne Holly Bartlett was recuperating from bronchial pneumonia.

The sea chest from the attic of the house at 49 Bicknell Street is now in Illinois with artists tools and supplies in it instead of a sailor's articles.

The pen and ink sketch of 49 Bicknell Street formerly a sea captain's house was done in 1960 by Anne Holly Bartlett as she remembered it.

--Vera M. Bartlett

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